

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

448

## 12-Clue Overalls Got Stick-up Men

Stuart Martin tells "What Crook Forgot"



### Walsall calling Sig. Norman Dunnett

YOUR young lady has been unfaithful to you, Signaller Norman Dunnett! The news is very bad indeed, and I'd suggest that you have a couple of snifters before I continue.

I know that you told her to be very careful regarding her associates when you joined the Submarine Service, and I've a pretty shrewd idea that you reminded her time and time again . . . but without success.

The girl friend has presented you with triplets, and one of them is a black one!

In case your messmates are thinking the worst, I think we'd better let them into the secret.

Norman's young lady is Funf, as good-looking a lady pussy as I've seen for a long time. And although Funf has had kittens time and time again, this is the first black one she's had.

The Yanks must have brought their pets over with them as well!

Now for a home chat. Dad

had just been the rounds when we called, and he gave us the itinerary. First of all he called at the Caldmore Liberal Club, where he discussed the latest war news, then he went for a walk round Walsall, and finished the morning off by having one or two at the Baker's. He says you'll know the route as well as he does. Hope the reminder doesn't make your mouth water.

Mum was busy picking gooseberries in the garden of your home at 100 Alexandra Road, Walsall, and so Dad lent a hand with the good work.

She says that we've to tell you that your old pal, Dennis Sherman, of Weston Street, is now training to be a Fleet Air Arm pilot, and she adds that he came round while on leave the other day and had a look at your folk.

Another of your buddies dropped in to say how-do—this time Eric Jones, looking fit and well in his Navy rig.

All say: Good hunting, Norman!

THIS time I want to give you a glimpse of the man who, in my opinion, was one of the greatest scientific detectives in the world—some say the greatest.

I could write quite a lot about Oscar Heinrich, the American who solved the Hindu Gadhri conspiracy case during the 1914 war. To do that he learned three Indian languages that had died out in Eastern India. Easy for him, for he had a mind like an encyclopaedia.

I consider the Pacific Express hold-up about the greatest of his cases, the most difficult, the finest bit of reasoning, and a tribute to the What the Criminal Forgot series.

THE Southern Pacific Express train was rolling along down the steep gradient near Siskiyou Tunnel on October 11th, 1923, when three men leaped from the rocks beside the track and swung on to the train.

Two of the three made for the driving crew. The third went for the conductor.

In the driver's cabin the two shoved "guns" towards the crew and commanded "Slow her down. And stop her. It is a hold-up, see?"

The driving crew saw, and the train pulled up on the gradient.

"Now get down and line up beside the track," was the next command.

The driver and his mate obeyed, hands high above shoulders. One of the gunmen stayed with them, revolver sticking out menacingly.

The other went along with the man who had held up the conductor to the mail van. There were valuable mails in the van, money, Government stuff, worth a lot.

But the postal official in charge of the van wasn't taking it like the others. He said he would not hand over the mail sacks. "If you don't come out in one piece you'll

come in little bits," he was told. The official said he wouldn't come for no stick-up men.

That was his death warrant, for the gunmen had a couple of rolls of dynamite ready. They pushed them under the van, lit the fuse—and up went the van and the clerk.

The gunmen then dragged out the mail sacks that were undamaged and strewn about. One of them kept his eye on the passenger coaches, and whenever a head popped out of a window inquiringly a stream of bullets whistled past. The passengers kept their heads in after the first fusillade or so.

The three gunmen were clad in overalls, to hide the identity of their clothes. They were masked, too. As they heaved the important mail sacks over their shoulders, or under their arms, the leader turned to the train crew, and then to one of his confederates.

"We've got all we want," he said. "Let them have the good-bye." The gunman's weapon crashed out, and the driver, his mate and the conductor slumped on the track—dead.

The gunmen disappeared among the rocks.

American police and G-men got the story as soon as the train was located. The hunt began.

First, the Federal police found a revolver, with the number filed off, in the tunnel, a couple of sticks of dynamite, and a suit of overalls.

That same night they arrested a mechanic in a motor works, lined him up for identification, and several passengers said he was certainly one of the men. The mechanic denied it, but his alibi was fairly good, and the police wanted evidence for a conviction.

They telephoned to Oscar Heinrich, and he told them to send the suit of overalls to his laboratory at Berkley, and also a description of the suspect. That was Heinrich's way. As often as not he solved tangles without going near the scene.

A few days later he sent this message to the police:—

"The man you have arrested is not the gunman. The overalls belonged to a left-handed man who is a lumberjack. He worked among fir trees. His age is between 21 and 25. His height is not over 5ft. 10. His weight is about 150lbs. He has medium brown hair, light brown eyebrows, distinctly small feet and hands, and is particular about his appearance. He has been living in the North-West Pacific. Find him and you've got one of the gunmen. He is a white man."

The Federal police could hardly believe it. The description given by the scientist was so different from that of the man they held. So three police officials went to the laboratory to check up.

When they arrived there Oscar Heinrich had other clues. He had ripped down the seams of the overalls and discovered a very small bit of paper bearing the number 236L.

"What is that?" asked a policeman.

"That," said Heinrich, "is all that is left of a receipt for a money order sent through the mail. Trace who took this order out. That is easy."

It was. The police found that it had been taken out by a man named Roy de Autremont, who had sent fifty dollars to his brother. And he had sent it from a lumber camp in the North-West Pacific.

At that, the entire resources of the Department of Justice went into action, for robbing a train is a Federal offence. And meantime Heinrich carried on with his test-tubes and laboratory methods of bringing home the crime without error.

The motor mechanic was released.

I need not go into all the details of the investigation of this train murder and robbery, for it took some time to get the other two. They were all brothers—Hugh, Roy and Ray de Autremont. Hugh was traced to Manila, the other two

were located in Ohio. Down swooped the police.

Look now at Oscar Heinrich in the witness stand when the trial came up in Ohio. Medium height, dark, calm, unemotional, he told how he made his deductions, and what the criminals forgot.

In his laboratory he found that the overalls sent him had daubs of gum on the cloth. It was the gum of firs. In the pockets he found tiny bits of fir needles—of the Douglas Fir variety—also a fair number of small wood chips. He discovered a single human hair twisted around a button. It was a smooth, round hair, light brown in colour.

"How did you conclude that this man was left-handed?" he was asked.

"When a right-handed man swings an axe," he answered, "he always stands with his left foot forward, to get his balance. That brings his left side nearest the tree. If his pockets are open, as in overalls, the flying chips strike his left side. In this case the position was reversed. There was 75 per cent. of chip dust in the right pockets, and only six per cent. in the left pockets. That means it was a left-handed man who swung the axe. So I knew he was a left-handed lumberman."

"How did you know about the colour of his hair and personal fastidiousness about his appearance?" he was asked.

"Oh, that! I found a few finger-nail parings also in the overall pockets. Their small size told me he must have small hands; and if he had small hands he had small feet. But the length of the trouser leg proved he must be about 5ft. 9, or 10 at the most. So small hands and feet in a man that height would be noticed by others."

"And his age?"

"Quite easy. I photographed the pith, or medulla, of the hair I found. That gave me his age approximately. The colour told me the colour of his eyebrows. I knew he could not have been coloured, for a negro's hair is elliptical and an Indian's is coarse and straight. Therefore he was a white man."

"And, his weight?"

"I deduced that from the overalls."

Well, there it was. But it took a long time before the three brothers appeared at the court to face the charges, for Hugh de Autremont was trying to enlist in the army in Manila and had to be brought back, and during the trial the three made various moves to escape conviction and sentence.

Heinrich was asked just what it was the bandits forgot—what was the something that put him on the trail with his microscopes and test-tubes.

"Simple enough. Roy de Autremont forgot to have his overalls laundered to eliminate the clues before the crime."

The Ohio judge sentenced the three gunmen to life sentences. They are in the Oregon State Prison now.



### Mother has new Job, A.B. Harry Smith

CALLING A.B. Harry Smith, with a spot of "gen" on Mother's new job. We called to see your family at 134 Chapel Road, Hollinwood, and were just in time to catch your two sisters and your girl friend going out for the day.

Yes, Harry, Mother has got a new job—she is looking after the wives and sweet hearts of her sons! And, judging by the photograph, it looks as though your sweet heart is surviving her care. Arthur is growing up, and is waiting for the time when you

come home. Jack, your brother in the R.A.F., was in Italy the last thing that your Mother heard, and he was trying to contact you. He seemed to be very well and fit.

By the way, Harry, we have strict instructions from your Mother and sisters to "haul you over the coals" for not writing more often. What have you to say for yourself?



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

### Home Town News

THE "hat-trick" in winning the bardic crown was completed by Mr. J. M. Edwards, a schoolmaster of Barry, who belongs to Llanrhystyd, Cardiganshire. He was crowned with all the traditional ritual. He was previously the Crown winner at Machynlleth in 1937 and at Old Colwyn in 1941.

Title of the winning poem was "Banc-y-Mor," and it spoke in angry terms of the neglect of the land and pleaded for a return to the wisdom of the soil. Mountain Ash Choir won the Chief Choral, and the best soloist at the Eisteddfod was Nancy Ellis Bateman, of Cardiff.

#### SHOVE-HA'PENNY FORUM.

AN eagle-eyed schoolmaster at Windsor Clive School, Ely, Cardiff, spotted the boys playing shove-ha'penny with change from their milk money. He promptly confiscated the kitty. Then he put an idea into their heads.

That was a year ago. This month the boys, after a year's

collection of their odd half-pennies, completed the collection of £100 for the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.

#### BEATING TOY RACKET.

CHRISTMAS is already casting its shadow on a Welsh hospital which, with its many hundreds of beds, has been turned over to the military authorities. Second Front boys wounded in Normandy are now helping to beat the price racket in kiddies' toys, and in the process are climbing back to health.

It is the centre-piece in a first-rate rehabilitation scheme. Under highly skilled instructors, the wounded are turning out also dainty needlework, a task not even beyond badly bedridden men.

Gaily-painted toy engines, tanks, popguns and wheelbarrows are going out from this hospital to the children of the wounded. They pay for the materials at cost price.



# FIRE-BOMB ATTACK

## Part XIV

THE next day the weather was still the same; it kept obstinately fine. The balloon remained motionless, not the slightest oscillation betrayed a breath of wind. The doctor began to be uneasy; if the journey were to be prolonged thus their provisions would be insufficient.

After having nearly died for want of water, were they going to die of hunger?

But he comforted himself upon seeing the mercury in the barometer fall considerably; there were evident signs of an approaching change in the atmosphere; he resolved therefore to make his preparations for departure, in order to profit by the first occasion.

The provision and water-casks were both quite filled. Fergusson had then to re-establish the equilibrium of his balloon, and Joe was obliged to sacrifice a notable part of his precious ore.

His ideas of ambition had come back with his health, and he did not obey his master with a very good grace. Fergusson showed him that he could not raise so much weight, and he gave him his choice between gold or water. Joe no longer hesitated, and threw out a large quantity of his precious stones.

During the remainder of the day the doctor vainly waited for a change in the atmosphere. The temperature rose, and would not have been bearable but for the shades of the oasis. The thermometer in the sun registered 149°. It was the greatest heat they had yet observed.

But towards three a.m., during Joe's watch, the temperature lowered suddenly, the sky became covered with clouds, and the darkness augmented.

"Wake up!" cried Joe to his companions; "here's the wind!" "At last!" said the doctor, looking at the sky. "It is a tempest! We must make haste into the car."

They were only just in time. The Victoria was bending under the efforts of the hurricane, and dragging the car along the sand. If by accident a part of the ballast had been thrown out, the balloon would have gone up, and all hope of finding it again would have been lost for ever.

## Green Valley

But the rapid Joe ran as fast as he could and stopped the car, whilst the balloon lay down on the sand, with the risk of being torn. The doctor took his ac-

customed place, lighted his apparatus, and threw out the excess of weight. The travellers took a last look at the trees of the oasis, bending under the tempest, and soon, meeting the east wind at 200 feet from the ground, disappeared into the night.

Towards nine a.m. some feeble symptoms of vegetation were seen; weeds floating on the sea of sand announcing to them, as to Christopher Columbus, the proximity of land; green shoots grew timidly between the stones, and low-lying hills showed themselves on the horizon.

In another hour the continent was spread out before their eyes; its aspect was still wild; but less flat and naked; a few trees were outlined against the grey sky.

A moderate-sized lake lay below them, with an amphitheatre of hills, which could not be called mountains; low and fertile wooded valleys lay amongst them. "This country is superb!" said the doctor.

"Here are the animals," said Joe; "the men are not far off." "What magnificent elephants!" cried Kennedy. "Is there no means of getting a shot at them?"

It was enough to excite a sportsman's heart. Wild oxen wallowed in thick grass, in which they entirely disappeared; grey, black, and yellow elephants, of the largest size, passed through the forests, breaking through all obstacles, and marking their passage by devastation; on the wooded sides of the hills, cascades and water-courses fell towards the north, and hippopotami bathed in them with much noise.

It was a rare menagerie, in a marvellous hothouse, where birds of a thousand colours fluttered through the arborescent plants. The doctor, by this prodigality of nature, recognised the superb kingdom of Adamawa.

After twelve hours' journey, the Victoria was upon the confines of the Niger country. The first inhabitants of this region, the Arabs Chouas, were nomad shepherds. The vast summits of Mounts Alantika lay on their horizon, mountains which no European foot has ever stepped on.

At last the tempest lulled, and the oscillations of the balloon were not alarming. The next day the wind was not so strong, but it took the travellers away from the town of Jola, which, newly reconstructed by the Foulanes, excited Dr. Fergusson's curiosity; nevertheless, he was obliged to resign himself to going a little north, and even north-east.

Kennedy proposed to halt in such a country for hunting, and Joe pretended that they needed fresh meat; but the savage attitude of the population, and some shots which had been directed against the balloon, made the doctor continue his journey.

At three p.m. the Victoria was

## Five Weeks in a Balloon

By JULES VERNE

opposite Mount Mindif, and was obliged to clear it. The sides of the Mount were covered with guano, enough to manure all the United Kingdom; it made the ground look like calcareous rock. At five p.m. the Victoria, sheltered by the southward winds, was going gently down the sides of the mountain, and stopped at a vast clearing, far from any habitations.

As soon as the balloon was fastened, Kennedy rushed off, gun in hand, and soon came back with half-a-dozen wild ducks and a sort of snipe, which Joe cooked as well as he could. The meal was agreeable, and the night was passed in profound repose.

THE next day the wind carried them rather more north, and about nine a.m. they caught sight of the large town of Mosfeia, built upon an eminence between two high mountains; it is situated in an impregnable position; a narrow road, between a marsh and a wood, was the only one that gave access to it.

At that moment the Sheikh, accompanied by an escort on horseback, and clothed with garments of gay colours, preceded by trumpet players and runners, who put aside the branches out of his way, made his entrance into the town.

The doctor descended, in order to take a nearer view of the natives; but, as the balloon grew bigger in their sight, they became profoundly terrified, and ran off as quickly as their horses could carry them. The Sheikh was the only one who did not move; he took his long musket, loaded it, and waited proudly. The doctor approached to within about 150 feet, and then as loud as he could, addressed the Sheikh in Arabic.

But as his words fell from the sky, the Sheikh got off his horse, and prostrated himself in the dust of the road, and the doctor could not rouse him from his adoration.

"It is impossible," said he, "for those people not to take us to be supernatural beings, since they took the first Europeans who arrived amongst them for such. When the Sheikh talks of this meeting, he will amplify it with all the resources of Arabian imagination."

"That is, perhaps, a pity," answered the hunter; "from the point of view of civilisation, it would be better to pass for ordinary men; that would give negroes a high idea of European power."

"I agree with you, Dick; but what can we do? You wouldn't make those savages understand the mechanism of a balloon if you

tried, they would still believe it was supernatural?"

"Sir," said Joe, "you spoke of the first Europeans who explored this country; who were they?"

"We are precisely on Major Denham's route. An intrepid Englishman, who from 1822 to 1824, commanded an expedition to Bornou, in company with Captain Clapperton and Dr. Oudney. They started from Tripoli in March, reached Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, and, following the route that Dr. Barth took later on to come back to Europe, they arrived on the 16th of February, 1823, at Kouka, near Lake Tchad. Denham made many explorations in Bornou and Mandara, and the eastern banks of the lake; in the meantime, on the 15th of December, 1823, Captain Clapperton and Dr. Oudney went into Soudan as far as Sackalou, and Oudney died of fatigue and exhaustion in the town of Murmur."

Mosfeia had long disappeared from the horizon. Mandara was spread out before the travellers with its astonishing fertility, its forests of acacias, locusts with red flowers, and fields of cotton and indigo-plants. The Shari, which, eighty-four miles further, flows into Lake Tchad, was following its impetuous course. The doctor made his companions follow him on the maps.

Some canoes, fifty feet long, were descending the course of the Shari; the Victoria, at 1,000 feet from land, attracted the attention of the natives; but the wind, which had been blowing pretty hard, began to lull.

The Victoria, half-an-hour after, hung motionless at 200 feet from the soil.

"We are now nearer to Kernak than a man on the top of St. Paul's dome would be to London; so we can look at it comfortably."

"What is that noise of mallets one hears on every side?"

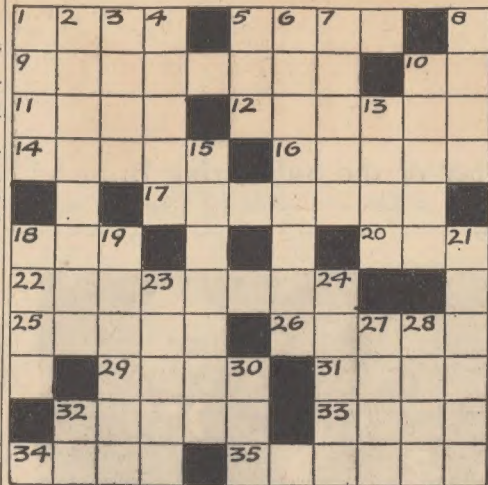
Joe looked attentively, and saw that the noise was produced by weavers, who were striking their cloth hung on the branches of trees. When the Victoria appeared it produced its customary effect—cries first, then profound stupefaction; business was neglected, all work suspended, and the noise ceased. The travellers remained perfectly motionless, and did not lose a detail of this populous city; they even went down to within sixty feet of the soil.

Then the governor of Loggoum came out of his dwelling, spreading out a green flag, and accompanied by musicians, making a tremendous noise through ox horns. A crowd assembled round him.

Dr. Fergusson wished to make himself heard, but it was impossible.

In vain Joe hung out handkerchiefs of every colour, he obtained no result. Then the Sheikh, surrounded by his court, pronounced a discourse which the doctor could not understand; it was a mixture of Arabic and Baghirmi; he only understood that he was invited to go away, which he would have been

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Bunch.
- 5 Small.
- 9 Assign.
- 10 Note of music.
- 11 Movement.
- 12 Confection.
- 14 Small ship.
- 16 Distances.
- 17 Devonshire town.
- 18 Drink.
- 20 Hereford's river.
- 22 Mended casks.
- 25 Tapestry.
- 26 Musket.
- 29 Bird of prey.
- 31 Bellow.
- 32 Precious stone.
- 33 Girdled.
- 34 Grates.
- 35 Meadows.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Job of work.
- 2 Further.
- 3 Depart.
- 4 Portable light.
- 5 Flying animal.
- 6 Sprayer.
- 7 Be suited to.
- 8 Contents.
- 10 Wee.
- 13 Abound.
- 15 Uprightness.
- 18 Test for rhythm.
- 19 Pig.
- 21 Uses.
- 23 Braces.
- 24 Elegy.
- 27 Baffle.
- 28 Fat.
- 30 Nix.
- 32 Scholar.

MAR SUEDE J  
AGATE BRACE  
TONIC BIGOT  
C GEUM VEST  
HUE LIBERTY  
M PANEL E  
SPHERES TRY  
LTON RILE I  
AROMA DANCE  
CEDED EXTOL  
K SNOBS HOD

glad to do if the wind had allowed him. His immobility exasperated the governor, and his courtiers began to howl, to force the monster to go away.

These courtiers were singular personages, with a medley of five or six shirts on their bodies; they had enormous stomachs, some of which seemed false. The doctor astonished his companions by telling them it was an indication of rank.

These fat men gesticulated and howled, one especially, who, from his corpulence, must have been prime minister. The crowd of negroes imitated the court, like monkeys, and the air was agitated by a rhythmic movement of ten thousand arms.

Soldiers, armed with bows and arrows, ranged themselves in order of battle; but the Victoria was already quietly rising out of their reach. The governor, seizing a musket, then aimed it at the balloon; but Kennedy was looking at him, and with a bullet from his rifle he broke the arm in the Sheikh's hand.

At this unexpected blow there was a general rout; everybody entered his hut as fast as possible, and during the remainder of the day the town remained quite deserted.

Night came. There was no wind at all. They were obliged to remain motionless at 300 feet from the ground. No fire shone in the darkness, and the silence of death reigned around. The doctor redoubled his vigilance, as the calm might hide a snare.

He was right. At midnight all the town seemed on fire, rockets appeared to be darting about in all directions. In the midst of tremendous cries and musket shots, the mass of fire arose towards the Victoria. Joe prepared to throw out ballast. Fergusson soon had the explanation of this phenomenon.

Thousands of pigeons, with combustible matters fixed to their tails, had been sent up towards the Victoria; they were fright-

ened, and went up making fire zigzags.

Kennedy began to discharge all the arms in the midst of the mass, but what could he do against such an innumerable army? Pigeons surrounded the car and the balloon, which seemed enveloped in a network of fire.

The doctor did not hesitate; he threw out a fragment of quartz, and so kept out of reach of the dangerous birds. During two more hours they saw them running about in the night; little by little their number diminished, and they went out.

"Now we can sleep quietly," said the doctor.

"Not badly imagined for savages," said Joe.

"Yes; they use pigeons like that to set fire to the thatch of villages; but this time the village flew higher than the pigeons."

Towards three a.m., during Joe's watch, the Victoria moved slowly away from the town. Kennedy and the doctor woke up. The latter consulted his compass, and saw with satisfaction that they were being carried N.N.E.

"We are in luck's way," said he; "everything succeeds with us; we shall discover Lake Tchad this very day."

"Is it large?" asked Kennedy. "It is about 120 miles in its greatest length, and the same in its greatest width."

The Victoria was following the bed of the Shari. About nine a.m. they reached the southern bank of Lake Tchad, the African Caspian. (To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—387

1. Put some furniture in ROE and make it pink.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Gulahs eh salt goltsen haguls how.*
3. In the following three birds the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 2P56634, 2458834, 86EN.
4. Find the two hidden precious stones in: *Fishing tackle is made at Tredegar—nets, rods, and flies with a red top, azure wings and yellow tails.*

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 386

1. Travel.
2. Birds of a feather flock together.
3. Hare, Horse, Rabbit, Panther.
4. P-or-k, Pe-as.

## JANE



## QUIZ for today

1. A rochet is a musical note, wild flower, bird, firework, stitch in needlework?
2. How many birds can you think of beginning with B?
3. Which is greater—half-a-dozen dozen, or six dozen dozen?
4. What is a protocol?
5. In what game is the expression "in the gully" used?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Rostel, Roster, Rostrum, Rostal, Rostal.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 447

1. Cobble.
2. Carbuncle, Chrysoprase, Chrysoberyl, Chalcedony, Cairngorm, Cat's Eye, etc.
3. Niagara.
4. An antidote is corrective; an anodyne is a reliever of pain.
5. Red, Amber, Green.
6. Rivete.



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



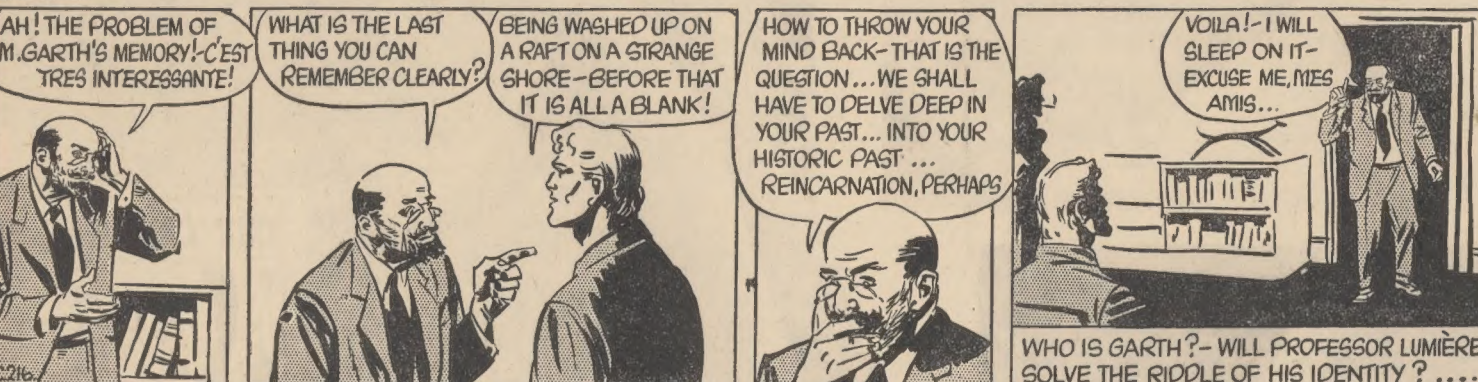
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Heard These?

JACK was ashore. He was hot, too, but then, it was always hot in that part of the world. He was walking down Saddle Pass Road, that's the one that runs over the hills to the other side of the island. He had on white shorts and cap, with his shirt slung over a shoulder.

He turned as a large red car free-wheeled down the road towards him, but had no intention of cadging a lift until a lady's voice hailed him. "I'm passing the Naval Club if you're going that way."

Jack weighed up the relative indecency of sitting in the car in his present semi-nude state and attempting to tuck it in as best he could, and decided on the former. He climbed in the car, which rolled on down the hill.

"Tell me, don't they mind you walking around without a shirt?" she enquired.

"Oh, I expect they would," says Jack, "but you never get any gold lace up here—too far from gin and dancing girls for them." Conversation continued until the club was reached.

"Thanks very much, ma'am."

"Not at all. Will you do me a favour? Tell Commander — his wife is here."

Jack swallowed the "Gor' blimey" that rushed to his lips, and having delivered the message, spent some little time recalling and regretting those of his innermost thoughts that he had so rashly voiced in the car and speculating as to the results.

A LION and his mate were disturbed one night by the sound of shots. The mate was nervous of hunters, so the husband went to investigate. Looking out from his lair, he saw a number of steel-helmeted men firing guns; so, with a sigh of relief, he returned to the wife, saying, "It's all right, my dear, they're killing each other now."

A BE was dying and his family were gathered by his bedside. There was mamma, two daughters and three sons, all weeping and praying for poppa.

"Are you here, mamma?" asked the dying man.

"Yes, poppa."

"And Liz and Sadie?"

"Yes, poppa."

"And John and Isaac and Ez?"

"Yes, poppa, we're all here."

The old man rose, screaming in anguish.

"Then who the hell is looking after the store?"

MAY: "I say, Mary, John proposed to me last night."

Mary: "Yeah. Don't he do it lovely!"

THE story goes that a small boy wrote to God asking for a hundred pounds to give to his local Spitfire Fund. The fond parents forwarded the letter to the organiser of the savings scheme, who in turn gave it to the local M.P. He was so touched that he handed it on to Mr. Churchill, who sent the boy a cheque for five pounds.

A few days later the Premier received a reply through the same source. It read: "Dear God, thank you so much for the money. I see you sent it through Whitehall, who deducted their usual 95 per cent. However, the fiver will be very useful."

TWO British matelots in New York think U.S. policemen are pretty good. Reason: Last Christmas Day they set out in response to an invitation sent to their barracks for "two sailors for Christmas dinner."

They arrived in Bronx, only to discover that they had lost the letter containing the name and address of the "grippo," but, remembering the street number, they went that far. They were standing at the corner of the street, not knowing quite what to do, when a cruising police car pulled up and asked if they could be of any help. Now, whether it was because the Irish brogue handed out by one of the matelots matched the copper's, or just that the Christmas spirit was rampant, is unknown.

The result was this: The police car drove slowly up and down the street with its siren wailing and the two sailors walking in front, until everyone came out to see the cause of the commotion. The strays were duly claimed by the woman who had written the invitation, and whilst the coppers continued their patrol, the Navy settled down to an old-fashioned Christmas dinner.

A N English nurse serving overseas gave an old brassiere to a native girl who worked at their camp. Some days later she was horrified to see the girl walking along the street with a bedraggled brassiere slung over her shoulder, being used as a handbag. I expect she thought "handbag" was English for "glove."

There was a young lady of Erskine, Who had a remarkably fair skin. When I said to her, "Mabel, You look well in your sable," She replied, "I look best in my bearskin."

There was a young lady of Venice, Who used hard-boiled eggs to play tennis. When they said, "It is wrong," She replied, "Go along, You don't know how prolific my hen is."



**Good  
Morning**



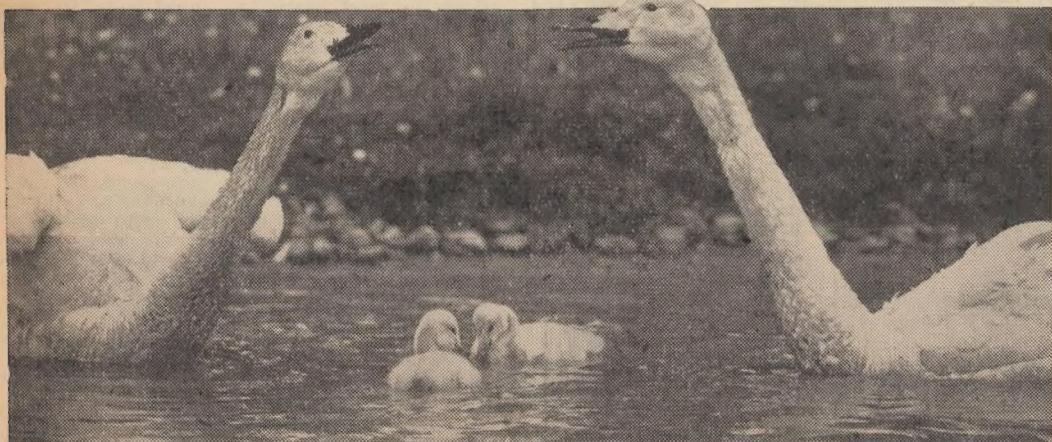
### *This England*

The serenity of half timber, green elm and summer sunshine at Milton Bryan, Bedfordshire.



Six weeks old, and you can tell this bloke's not going to be domesticated.

"Watch me closely, gentlemen. This is exercise four in the Muller system. You then pump 'em up and down, so loosening the thorax, lengthening the spine, and generally cracking up the works."



Here you have the first Whooper cygnets born in Great Britain. It happened at Whipsnade Zoo, and Mamma and Poppa Whooper were so fierce, not even the keepers could approach them.



Twentieth-Century star Carole Landis does a Mona Lisa smile just to show there's no ill-feeling.

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

